

# Stormchaser

by Zephyros-Phoenix

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Friendship

Language: English

Characters: OC

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-01-07 23:32:40

Updated: 2014-01-12 20:45:52

Packaged: 2016-04-26 17:24:17

Rating: T

Chapters: 6

Words: 8,554

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: COMPLETE - All Sigrid Henderson has ever wanted was to train and ride a dragon. But the laws of the Stormchaser tribe forbid women from taking up arms or even owning dragons. When the Chief's son captures a Skrill to train, Sigrid decides to train it herself in secret. A short story of how my two characters Sigrid and Voltage came together.

## 1. Sigrid

\*\*I got the urge a while back to write a little story about my 2 HTTYD OCs: Sigrid and Voltage. This is essentially how they met. It's a short story, probably gonna be under 10 chapters and with the rate I'm writing them, it'll probably be a daily update kind of thing.\*\*

\*\*I do not own HTTYD, only this story and my characters.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>This is Stormchaser Island. It's called that because of the storms that surround the entire island and make it nearly impossible for boats to dock. Yeah, we don't get a lot of visitors. But that's probably for the best. We Stormchasers can get pretty violent. Yes, Stormchaser is also the name of our tribe. Obviously a lot of brain power went into naming the island.<p>

Anyway, my name is Sigrid, Sigrid Henderson and I'm a Stormchaser. The only family in my life was my dad, Edgar the Stubborn. And he's aptly named too. My father is more stubborn than a mountain. You're more likely to get the mountain to move than to get my father to do something he doesn't want to. Ever since I was born, my father never gave me the time of day. You see, he always wanted a son, but he got stuck with me instead.

"Sigrid, hurry up! We're gonna be late for our basket weaving

class!"

I moved over to my bedroom window and saw my best friend, Halla, standing in front of my house. "I'll be down in a minute!" I called back.

Basket weaving class, oh joy. Was this going to be the highlight of the day? Or would it be cooking class or sewing class? I sighed and threw my satchel over my shoulder and shut the front door behind me. Did I have nothing to look forward to other than the daily craft classes?

"So I'm guessing you overslept?" Halla asked, walking next to me.

"Yeah," I yawned, "My dad was up all night sharpening his weapons and getting his supplies ready for today."

"Oh, that's right; today's the day of Baldr's dragon hunt, isn't it?"

I nodded. It was Stormchaser for young Vikings to venture out in the wilderness with a hunting party when they turned sixteen. It was their job to track down and capture a dragon to tame and if they succeeded, they would officially be declared a Viking. Today was Baldr's sixteenth birthday, he's the Chief's son and my fiancé. My dad and the Chief are pretty close and I guess my dad thought marrying me off to the Chief's son would be a good way to get me out of his hair. I'm not even sixteen and I'm already engaged to be married.

Basket weaving class seemed to go on for hours. While Halla seemed engrossed by our teacher's lesson, I was miles off. I'd zone back in every so often enough to catch the teacher say something about baskets or weaving or something. I already knew everything she had to teach about basket weaving and I was already done putting together today's assignment. I didn't care much for these crafts, but I was a natural at it and sewing and cooking too. But that's not what I cared about.

What really had my attention was the combat arena. That's where the recruits would learn to fight, learn archery and tame their dragons. It's where Baldr's dragon would be caged until he tamed it. I could hear the clang and clash of swords clashing and had to fight the urge to ditch my class and watch. It's happened before a few times and I got quite the scolding each time.

Ever since I was a kid, I wanted to learn to fight. I wanted to have the feel of a sword between my hands as I sliced through a training dummy and knocked down my opponent. I wanted to know the feeling of an arrow leaving my bow and striking the center target with deadly precision. And most importantly, I wanted to know the feeling of the wind rushing through my hair and the gentle hum and feel of dragon scales as we soared.

I wanted to be a real Stormchaser.

Stormchaser wasn't just the name of our tribe or our island. It was also a title of great honor and power and it has only ever been bestowed upon a Viking once in our history. That Viking was Anvindr

the Stormchaser, my great-great-grandfather. There were three requirements one had to fulfill in order to earn the Stormchaser title: you had to tame a Skrill â€" the most elusive and powerful dragon on Stormchaser Island â€" ride into the eye of a storm and ride on a lightning bolt with a Skrill. If one succeeded in doing that, they would be dubbed true Stormchasers and masters of the Skrill and lightning. And to this day, no other Vikings has met those requirements.

I had never seen a real Skrill before. They aren't classified as Strike class for nothing. Sure there's plenty of Monstrous Nightmares, Deadly Nadders, Gronckles, Scauldrons, and other dragons around. But the Skrill is the one that everyone wants to get their hands on. But like I said, they're elusive. They're hard to catch and even harder to find.

Sure, all this sounds easy for someone to do. The only problem is that I'm a girl. Still not seeing the problem? Well, I'll put it another way: in Stormchaser society, girls aren't allowed to fight or tame a dragon. The only thing we're allowed to do and what we're expected to do is learn how to sew, craft, cook and raise a family. That's it.

But I refuse to let that be the extent of my life. I know I'm meant for something bigger, I just know it! I will learn how to fight! I will tame a dragon!

I will become a Stormchaserâ€¦ if it's the last thing I do.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Well I hope you guys liked that short little start. Like I said, this is going to be much shorter than my usual stories and it's really just a small side project to distract me a little. Hey, we all need some distractions right? lol<strong>

\*\*Next Chapter - The Skrill: Sigrid sneaks out to get a closer look at the Stormchasers' latest capture.\*\*

\*\*Cheers, ZP\*\*

## 2. The Skrill

\*\*I do not own HTTYD, only Sigrid, Voltage, my other characters and this story.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Basket weaving class was finally over. As usual, I spent my time daydreaming about the combat arena while Halla, my best friend, was adamantly focused on the lesson. I seriously started wondering just how much you could learn about basket weaving.<p>

"Don't tell me you were thinking about the arena again, Sigrid," Halla said. It was almost like she could read my mind.

"Yeah," I replied, not even trying to deny it.

"Sigrid, you know you can't keep doing that. We're girls, we're not

allowed to learn how to fight."

"I know Halla! It's justâ€¦ nice to imagine it."

"Well you should be careful. Your father won't take kindly to that kind of thinking. You know how set in stone he is about Stormchaser traditions and law."

"Halla, you don't have to tell me how stubborn my father is," I reminded her. I've had to deal with that stubborn old rock all my life. I know how stubborn he is. "Hey, look!" I cried, pointing to the hunting party returning from the woods.

"Let's go check it out!" Halla exclaimed as I followed her down. When we got down there, I could see Baldr strolling triumphantly at the front of the party, a wooden cart being pulled behind him. I could see a dragon bound and pinned to the cart with rough chains, but I couldn't get a look at what kind. It was dark colored, so it could be a Nightmare or a Nadder.

"Congratulations, Baldr!" some of the women cheered.

"No one is surprised how well you did!" cheered another Viking.

Baldr saw me in the crowd and came over to me, removing his helmet. "Hey there, Sig! Looking as beautiful as ever," he said, kissing my hand.

"Uhuhâ€¦" I muttered, slyly wiping the back of my hand on my green tunic. "So, you caught a dragon? What kind?"

"See for yourself," he said, taking my arm. He led me up to the cart to the subdued dragon. I couldn't believe my eyes. The long spines, the dark purple scales, the bright yellow eyes and blue sparks. "A Skrillâ€¦" I whispered in awe. I may not have seen one in person, but I had seen plenty of drawings so know what they looked like. Instinctively, I reached forward to touch it, but Baldr quickly seized my hand.

"Careful! That thing can coat itself in electricity. We could barely get close to it," Baldr explained.

"So when are you going to start taming it?" I asked.

"We're moving him into the arena right now, but I probably won't get to it until tomorrow. This one's out of fight and it's never fun when they're tired. That, and my sword needs sharpening."

Later that night in our Great Hall during dinner, the whole tribe gathered around Baldr as he recounted his tale of capturing the Skrill. Our tribe hadn't captured a Skrill since my great-great-grandfather had done it, so it was a pretty big deal. I was sitting next to him as he fed the others juicy details, but I wasn't too interested in his story. What I was interested in was the Skrill. It would have been placed in the arena by now. And since everyone was here, I could get a peek at the dragon without anyone noticing.

Baldr bought my feigned stomachache. It's not like he was that

interested in me anyway. He was far more interested in all the attention he was receiving for being the first Viking since Anvindr to capture a Skrill. I snuck past the few patrolling Vikings and made my way to the arena. The gate was locked, but I could get a good view of it from the viewing area up top.

"Ahh!" I fell back onto my butt when the dragon suddenly jumped up against the metal cage. I quickly covered my mouth to silence my scream as the dragon fell back onto the ground. I hesitantly crawled up to the bars and gently placed my hands on them before peeking into the arena.

And there it was, in all its glory: the Skrill. It was angry, I could tell. It growled and roared and spewed streams of white fire in frustration. It flapped its wings and swung its tail all attempts to unleash his rage at being captured. I couldn't help but let out a quiet "whoa" as I was left in awe of this creature's beauty. It suddenly snapped its head towards me. Did it actually hear me?

With lightning speed, it jumped up to the cage and gripped the bars with its claws. The force of the impact pushed me back to the ground as I scurried away to put some distance between us. My heart beat so fast that I could barely think. All I could focus on were those bright yellow eyes staring at me. They cut through the dark like a sword through fabric and I couldn't pull my gaze away. It was almost like he was pulling me towards him all with his eyes. I couldn't move; I couldn't think! But before I knew it, my body suddenly acted on its own. I was up on my feet, slowly inching towards the Skrill gripping the cage.

It didn't move, but kept its eyes on my hand, as I got closer. I could feel its hot breathe on my fingertips and just as I was about to touch his nose, he suddenly moved his head and looked to his left. He quickly looked back at me before releasing his grip on the bars and falling back down into the pit. I turned my head to see what the Skrill was looking at and saw the faint glow of a fire coming closer.

"Odin's raven!" I cursed quietly before ducking behind some barrels. I peered out behind them ever so slightly to see who was coming: it was Baldr and one of his friends.

"That thing sure put up a fight!"

"Yup, but no dragon is a match for the Strong Arm!" Baldr boasted. Suddenly, the Skrill leapt up to the pit bars as it did before. Baldr and his friend practically leapt out of their boots and wailed like little girls. I couldn't help but snicker at the sight.

"Hey, did you hear that?" Baldr's friend asked, recomposing himself. I quickly clamped my hands over my mouth. They must have heard me. I would need a really clever excuse for why I was out here in the middle of the night.

The Skrill suddenly roared and I peered out from behind the barrels to see that Baldr and his friend returned their focus to it. "Ah, feisty, aren't you? Good, it'll be that much more fun to break you," he smirked. "Let's go, I want to get an early start on training tomorrow."

Once they were far enough away, I came out from behind the barrels. The Skrill was still there, clinging to the bars. It glanced at me briefly one last time before falling back into the pit. I crept up to the bars to peer down into the pit below, but the Skrill wouldn't look at me. I decided not to push my luck and made my way back home.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Next Chapter - Hunger: Sigrid sneaks into the Skrill's cage to feed it.<strong>

### 3. Hunger

\*\*Not much to say other than the usual. I do not own HTTYD only my characters and this plot. Enjoy!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>It had been hours since I snuck out to see the Skrill and I couldn't get the dragon out of my mind. Everything that happened last night was just so fresh in my mind. Its dark purple scales were so beautiful, but those bright golden eyes cut right through the dark with a terrifying glare. He was mesmerizing and intimidating. I was just heading home after today's chores with the other girls when Baldr came up behind me.<p>

"Hey, Sigrid!" he greeted.

"Oh, hey Baldr," I replied.

"So you coming by the arena later? I'm gonna be taking on the Skrill and showing that beast who's boss!" he exclaimed with a grin, punching his fist into the palm of his other hand.

"You're going to start training him today?" I asked.

"That's right! And I need my future bride to be there cheering me on," he grinned.

"Uh sure, I'll be there in a few minutes." I didn't like the idea of Baldr training a dragon. It's not that he wasn't capable of doing it, it's that I didn't think he was worthy of training a Skrill. Skrills are very important in our tribe. They were masters of lightning storms and we were the Stormchasers. The first member of our tribe to capture and train a Skrill and ride it into a storm was Anvindr; he was my great-great-grandfather. Maybe it was in my blood or maybe I was just going crazy, but I just knew deep down that I should be the one to ride that Skrill. But girls weren't allowed to train or even own dragons. We weren't allowed to fight either! The only time we would ever hold a sword would be to polish it for the warriors and the only time a woman was ever let near a dragon was to adjust saddles.

There was no way I could ever get close to the Skrill, at least during the day. I could sneak in at night and try to train him, but there was always the chance of getting caught or killed by the Skrill. But, my track record so far has been good. For years now I had been sneaking out and watching the boys during their practice

matches and doing my best to repeat the exercises on my own in the woods. I even had a little practice area set up with targets for archery and a burlap sack that I filled with chicken feathers for a sparring dummy. Dad never paid any attention to me and I always finished my chores as quick as I could, so no one ever really gave a second glance when they noticed I wasn't around.

When I arrived at the arena, nearly the entire village was gathered around the cage bars. I moved up to the bars just as Baldr looked up. When our eyes met, he grinned and spun his sword in his hand. He waved his hand, signaling the two Vikings by the cage doors to open the gate. Once the doors opened enough, a dark purple shadow leapt out into the arena as the two Vikings fled to the exit as fast as they could. The Skrill looked around and scanned the arena, noticing the large crowd that gathered above them. His eyes casually past me before the Skrill quickly shot its head back towards me. I nearly jumped out of my skin when he locked those bright, golden eyes on me. Did he remember me from the night before? And if he did, was he angry with me?

The Skrill tore its gaze away from me and focused on Baldr, who had shouted something to the dragon to get its attention. I didn't hear what Baldr had said, but it must have done the trick. Baldr charged at the Skrill with a furious battle cry but the Skrill moved away, easily avoiding Baldr's strike before climbing up the metal bars of the cage and gripping them in place at the center. Baldr shouted for the dragon to come down and fight like the beast that it was while the other Vikings banged on the cage bars with their weapons.

The Skrill glared at Baldr, who waved his sword angrily, before dropping right on top of him. Baldr's sword slid out of his hand as the Skrill just went limp and let its body weight pin Baldr to the ground. I could help but burst out laughing. I had never seen Baldr in such a vulnerable position and I could tell he was getting embarrassed and angry. I noticed the Skrill starring at me and I silenced my laughter. Did he hear me? Before I could question anything further, the Skrill leapt off Baldr and smacked him in the rear with his tail. Baldr yelped and began running towards the arena gates when the Skrill let out its fire breath. I had never seen something so beautiful before. The white fire that erupted from the Skrill's mouth was bright and crackled like lightning. I could just make out a light blue hue glowing around the fire as it illuminated everything around the Skrill.

Baldr shouted for the gate attendants to hurry up and quickly dove under the gate when it rose from the ground with enough room for him to squeeze through. I ran down from my viewing spot towards the gate as Baldr angrily smacked the dirt and dust off his shoulders.

"Baldr, are you ok?" I asked.

"I'm fine!" he shouted. "Looks like the beast still has some fight in him. No more food or water is to be given to the Skrill, do you hear me? Let's see if he'll still be fighting when he's starved for three days." The grin that formed on Baldr's face coupled with his malicious glare sent shivers down my spine. I had seen him get angry before, but never that angry. "I hope you're hungry, because you're going to stay that way for a while."

The Skrill shot Baldr a demonic glare accompanied by a low growl. I looked at the dragon with concern as the Skrill looked back at me, silencing his growl as our eyes met. He blinked twice before dashing away.

I couldn't stop thinking about the Skrill and how Baldr couldn't get it to follow his commands. I probably would never say it out loud, but there was no way that Baldr was capable of training something as dangerous and powerful as the Skrill. He demanded respect from a creature he gave no respect to. And Baldr was stubborn as much as he was arrogant. He would never be able to train the Skrill if he didn't give such a magnificent creature respect. And now he was going to deprive it of food. Three days may not do the trick right away, but the Skrill would eventually have to give in if it wanted to survive. It would become a shadow of its former glory.

That was no fate for a Skrill.

Without a second thought, I ran down the stairs from my room and grabbed a bucket of fresh fish before dashing out my back door. I made it to the arena without a problem and saw the Skrill curled up against the wall in slumber. I picked up a fish from the bucket and tossed it down into the arena. The fish landed with a wet \_slap\_ but the Skrill didn't seem to notice.

"Oh come on," I groaned. I glanced around and managed to find a loop of rope. I tied one end to the base of the cage bars and pulled on it tightly to make sure it would hold. I put the bucket's handle over my shoulder and crawled under the first bar before slowly sliding down the rope. I carefully placed my feet on the ground and placed the bucket down as quietly as I could. I picked up the fish I had dropped in earlier and slowly made my way to the Skrill, holding out the fish as far as I could.

I nearly jumped out of my own skin when the Skrill suddenly stood up and leapt towards me. I quickly covered my mouth with my other hand to silence the scream that nearly slipped through my lips. The Skrill eyed me with suspicion before slowly crawling towards me. He reached his head out and sniffed the fish before sharply seizing it with his fangs. I quickly drew my hand away as he did so, fearing that he'd bite it off in the process.

The Skrill gluttonously devoured the fish before licking his lips and staring at me. "I-I've got more, if you're still hungry," I whispered. The Skrill just stared at me, so I took a few steps back before running to grab the bucket. Just as I got to it, I turned around to head back only to come face to face with the Skrill. I fell back onto the cold ground as the bucket flew from my hands and the fish inside spilled all around me. The Skrill didn't give me another look before moving to scoop up each fish into his mouth. When he was finished, he crouched right in front of me and I immediately froze. I scanned the Skrill's face, looking for any sign of what it might do to me. It moved its face towards mine and I instantly shut my eyes. I waited for the killing blow, but it never came.

Instead, I felt something lift from my head and opened my eyes to see the Skrill grabbing a fish that had apparently landed on my head when I tossed the bucket. I couldn't help but laugh a little bit as the Skrill cocked its head at me.



"Who's there?" I heard someone up above shout.

"Oh no," I whispered. "If they catch me down here, I'm dead!" I ran over to the rope I used to get down when all of a sudden the Skrill tackled me to the ground. I cowered beneath the dragon's large body as it looked up and noticed the growing glow of the approaching watchman. He quickly brought his wings to cover me and remained still for a few seconds. When he finally moved his body off mine, I noticed the glow had gone.

"You hid me," I realized. The Skrill gave me what I perceived to be a tender look as if he were saying 'you're welcome' before he turned around to resume sleeping against his previously chosen place against the wall. I swiped the bucket and climbed back up the rope and out of the cage. I put the rope back where I found it and lingered long enough just to exchange another glance with the Skrill before returning home.

#### 4. Perfect Fit

**\*\*I do not own HTTYD, only my OCs and this plot. Enjoy!\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>Baldr didn't know it, but every night for the past week I had been sneaking into the Skrill's cage in the arena and feeding it. His plan was to starve the poor thing until its spirit was so broken that it would obey his commands out of necessity. But such a noble beast didn't deserve a rider like Baldr. He had no respect for the Skrill, so why should it respect him? He needed a rider who was fair, honorable and respectful of its power and prestige. Someone like me?<p>

Was that why I was doing all this? Sneaking out to see the Skrill and feed it? All because I wanted it to be my dragon rather than Baldr's? I knew that deep down, I had always wanted to be a real Stormchaser like my great-great-grandfather, and as if by some divine intervention, the gods have placed a Skrill right before me. Next to Baldr, I was far more suited to be a Skrill's rider than he was. He had no discipline, no respect all while demanding the same from his subjects. I knew what the Skrill was capable of, but I didn't let that scare me, at least not that much. But the Skrill didn't seem to mind that I was scared of him. Perhaps he expected it, but maybe he just didn't expect that I would openly approach him. I didn't want to disrespect such a noble creature and maybe he could sense that.

I pulled back on my bow and aimed my last arrow at my final target. When I had the bowstring fully drawn, I paused and took a deep breath to clear my mind. I focused on the target and gently released my fingertips. The arrow shot forward from the bowstring's recoil and burrowed right into the center of the homemade target I fashioned. I lowered my arms and placed the bow over my back while smiling to myself with satisfaction. After retrieving all my arrows, I removed my set up targets and hid them beneath a thick bed of leaves before returning home.

Once I got there, I stashed my bow and quiver of arrows under my bed and made my way over the town's craft hut. Baldr had asked me to be the one to make his dragon's saddle. He made a snide comment about

how I probably couldn't do a good job since I had never been near the Skrill, but I couldn't help but laugh to myself in my head. He had no idea I had been spending every night with his precious dragon.

The Skrill had gotten more comfortable with me being around him and had even let me touch him. It was a slow process. First he let me touch his snout, but I had to let him come to me for part of it. After that, he was ok with letting me pet his wings, tail and even his back. In return, I let him sniff me. He seemed very curious with the way I smelled and it was like he was determined to identify and remember every single scent I had accrued.

So I was pretty confident that I knew how to make a saddle that would fit the Skrill perfectly. I had just finished checking it for a final time before taking the large saddle under my arm and heading to the arena.

"It's been over a week and he still hasn't broken! It's like he doesn't even want to eat!" Baldr complained, throwing the fish he had offered to the Skrill to the ground. The Vikings attending to the gates let me in and shut the gates behind me.

"Ah, Sigrid, how's the saddle coming?" Baldr asked me.

"All done!" I said, handing him the saddle.

"Great!" Baldr exclaimed, seizing the saddle roughly from my arms. "Now that I can ride the beast, it'll start to learn who's boss!" Baldr went over to put the saddle but I quickly stopped him.

"Baldr, wait! Maybe I should put the saddle on."

"Why?" he asked.

"Uhâ€¦ because you might put it on too tight. If the saddle's too tight the Skrill will just throw you off."

"Are you saying I can't manage putting a saddle on a dragon?" he asked. I could tell I had crossed a line. Baldr had a lot of pride, apparently when it came to menial tasks as well. I had to think of something quick. "Baldr I made the saddle for you, why don't you let me put it on your dragon for you?" I asked, in the sincerest tone I could muster.

"Oh yeah all right." I breathed a sigh of relief as Baldr handed the saddle back to me.

I slowly and cautiously approached the Skrill, being careful not to startle it. "Hey, remember me?" I whispered. The Skrill looked up and immediately stood upright when it saw me coming close. He studied the saddle in my hands closely before walking up to me and lowering his neck and back in front of me. "That's a good boy," I said, giving him an affectionate pat. He remained still as I placed the saddle on his back and began fastening the straps across his neck and chest. I made sure the straps were secure, but not too tight. "How's that?" I asked him. The Skrill groaned and moved around before settling down. I took that as him telling me it was fine.

"Ugh, about time!" Baldr cried in annoyance before roughly pushing me aside. He grabbed the Skrill's horns and lifted himself over and onto

the saddle. Just as Baldr plopped onto the saddle, the Skrill shrieked and stood high up on his hind legs and violently thrashed his wings and tail before tossing Baldr off his back. "Ah!" he hissed as he landed flat on his back while the Skrill roared at him. "Stupid beast!" he cursed before dusting himself off as he stood. "Maybe another day without food will do the trick. Make sure the dragon isn't fed. I don't want him even getting any water!" he ordered.

This night was just like the previous ones: sneaking into the arena and feeding the Skrill. I still had to be careful about getting caught. Rules about these sort of things were very strict, but it was always the Chief's decision what the punishment could be. At best, I could just be exiled from the village and left to the wild dragons. At worst, I could be executed. But there wasn't a doubt in my mind about what I was doing. I knew the risks, but I didn't care. For the first time in my life, I actually felt like I was doing something important and worthwhile.

After the Skrill had devoured all the fish and water I brought him, I spoke, "So, I think you need a name. I mean, I can't just keep calling you 'the dragon' or 'the Skrill'. Has Baldr chosen a name for you already?" I asked.

The Skrill groaned and pointed his head to a piece of wood that hung on the wall. I walked over to it and noticed that it had writing carved into it. "Oh godsâ€¦ that's terrible!" I gasped, reading the name carved on the wood. "This is the name Baldr chose? I've seen some pretty bad names, but this one honestly takes the cake!" The Skrill walked up and stood next to me as we both looked at the wood. All of a sudden, the Skrill opened it's mouth and set the wood alight, burning away the most horrendous name I'd ever seen.

"Hmâ€¦" I started, taking a good, hard look at the Skrill to try and narrow down a name. "You look more like â€¦ Voltage. How does that sound?" The Skrill gave what sounded like a happy little roar. "I'll take that as a yes?" I asked, to which the Skrill responded by licking me on the face. "Haha, all right, Voltage it is then!" I laughed, wiping his saliva off my face.

My eyes drifted to the saddle still on his back. Baldr sat on it hours ago, but for only a few seconds before Voltage whipped him right off. I placed my hand gently on the saddle and waited for Voltage to give me any sign to stop. He turned to look at me from the corner of his eye, but returned his gaze to in front of him. Without a second thought, I hoisted myself over his back and sat firmly on the saddle. I placed my feet in the stirrup and lightly gripped the horns around the back of his head.

"What do you think, Voltage? Perfect fit?" I asked. Voltage craned his neck to look at me and roared approvingly. "Yeah, perfect fit."

## 5. Challenge Right

\*\*I do not own HTTYD, only my characters and this plot.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Voltage's training had progressed greatly! I couldn't risk taking him outside the arena so we had to make do with what we had. The most we could do was fly in place or around in circles until one of us got dizzy â€" almost always me. Even then, Voltage still responded to my commands and came to me when I called him, something Baldr was still unable to do. Maybe it was because Voltage still didn't respect Baldr, or maybe it was because Voltage had already chosen me as his rider. Either way, Voltage wasn't keen on listening to anyone else, that's for sure.<p>

But Baldr still wouldn't give up. I had to admire his persistence, even if it was entirely pointless. I was just on my way down to his cage when-

"Well, well, well, look what we have here." I gasped and dropped the bucket of fish before sharply turning around. It was two of Baldr's friends.

"Oh, I guess this is why the Skrill was never hungry. Somebody was feeding him when we weren't looking," said the other as he bent down to examine the fish.

"Come on," said the first, as they both seized my arms, "let's go have a chat with the Chief." I looked back as they pulled me away and barely caught a glimpse of Voltage thrashing about and roaring, calling for me. We arrived in the Great Hall and the pair threw me before the Chief as he towered over me.

"Chief Armstrong, we discovered the Henderson girl sneaking into the Skrill's cage to feed it. She may have been doing this for some time now," they reported.

"What? Sigrid is this true?" Baldr asked.

All eyes in the Great Hall were on my now. I could feel it. I took a deep breath before answering; there was no point in hiding anything now. "Yes, it's true!" I announced, as everyone gasped as whispers flooded the entire hall.

"SILENCE!" bellowed Chief Armstrong as the crowd came to a hush. "Edgar, were you aware of this?"

My father came forward and stood next to the Chief, casting at me a look of utter disapproval. "No, old friend. Frankly I've never paid her much attention; I always wanted a son," he glared.

"Then, Sigrid Henderson, you have broken Stormchaser law. You've dishonored our ancestors, your own family, and worst of all, you've dishonored my son! Do you deny these charges?"

"No. Yes I snuck into the Skrill's cage every night to feed it. But I did what Baldr could never do; I trained it!" I shouted, earning another wave of gasps from the crowd. "And with all due respect, Chief Armstrong, I don't think I was dishonoring my family, I was living up to it. My great-great-grandfather was the first true Stormchaser, the first to train a ride a Skrill into a lightning storm. Skrill riding is in my blood!" I didn't have anything to lose, so why hold back now?

"That is not how our tribe sees it. This is not our way!" Chief

Armstrong shouted.

"Well maybe our way needs to change!"

"Hold your tongue, stupid girl!" my father sneered.

"Hold, Edgar. I shall handle this," Chief Armstrong said. "For the crimes committed by you, I hereby sentence you to-"

"Wait!" I cried, stopping the Chief before he could finish. "I challenge Baldr for the right to the Skrill!" I blurted out.

Chief Armstrong burst out laughing. "Is this some kind of joke?"

"Quite the opposite Chief. I challenge Baldr for the Skrill," I repeated.

"Know your place, girl!" my father spat, "Women do not fight and they certainly do not challenge the Chief's son for a dragon that is rightfully his!"

"Our laws do say that women cannot fight, but they also say that anyone can issue a challenge. Anyone, meaning man or woman," I argued. I knew our laws like the back of my hand. I once spent a whole night combing through our laws and customs in hopes of finding a loophole and so far, this was my only one.

"Please, the fight wouldn't even be fair. Unlike you, I've been trained as a warrior!" Baldr boasted.

"Then you should have no problem. Unless Baldr the Strong Arm is afraid of losing to a girl." If there was a moment to literally see Baldr's fuse run out, this had to be it. His glare was so intense that I would have sworn that his face froze.

"I accept the challenge!" he announced.

"Baldr, you do not have to do this? She is just a girl!" his father protested.

"She is my fianc e, father. She has insulted my honor and she needs to be reminded of her place. We'll have three events: archery, sword combat and dragon training. The winner gets the Skrill. I hope a basket weaver like yourself is up to the task," he glared.

But I wouldn't back down. I met Baldr's glare with one as my own, though it probably wasn't as intimidating.

Halla came to see me the next morning as I was preparing for the challenge. I sheathed my dagger and sword, strapped my quiver and bow across my chest. "You can't seriously be going through with this? Odin's raven, Sigrid! This isn't our way!"

"Well maybe our ways need to change! I'm probably not the first Stormchaser girl unsatisfied with her post in life and I'm sure I won't be in the last."

"But this is crazy, Sigrid! Can't you just forget about all this, apologize to the Armstrongs and-"

"And what? Go back to weaving baskets all day? That's not the life I want Halla. If you're happy spending the rest of your days weaving baskets, sewing and cooking then by all means, go back to your mediocre life. But that's not the life for me!" I shouted.

"What happened to you? You-you've changed," she whispered, slowly backing away from me.

"I have, Halla. And I guess the Stormchasers are just not ready to change with me," I roughly pushed past Halla as I exited my house and made my way towards the arena. I guess I couldn't be too hard on Halla. She was always timid and shy; she never really did anything that put herself out there. She couldn't handle anything dynamic and if I had to bet, this would be the most exciting thing to happen in her life " in the bad way at least.

I made it to the arena and the entire tribe was there to greet me, albeit with glares and disappointed mutters under their breath. They were all looking at me, but I didn't care. I was here to do one thing: win. I entered the arena and joined Baldr and his father in the center. Voltage must have been locked in the chamber within the arena, out of sight until the final challenge.

"Stormchasers! Today we gather here to witness the challenge issued by Sigrid Henderson to my son, Baldr. The prize: the mighty Skrill! The first challenge will be archery. Three shots to the center mark wins!" Chief Armstrong announced.

Baldr and I both drew our bows and took aim. Our first two shots were right on target. It was something to expect from Baldr, but the tribe was shocked and speechless when my first arrow hit the center mark. Baldr drew his bow back and shot me a smug look before releasing his final arrow. I looked at the target and laughed, causing Baldr to blink in confusion before looking at the target. His final arrow was way off from the center target. I focused my attention back onto my target and took in a deep breath. If I made this shot, then I'd win the archery challenge. When I felt my arrow lined up with the target, I released my bowstring. All eyes, including my own, focused on the arrow as silence fell. Once I heard the arrow sink into the target, I looked up and saw it had hit the center mark, right between my first two arrows.

"Sigrid Henderson wins the first round!" Chief Armstrong reluctantly announced. The crowd erupted into suspicious whispers and murmurs at his declaration. I wasn't expecting applause or anything anyway. The archery targets were removed and we moved on to the next challenge: one on one combat between Baldr and me. They gave me a shield and helmet to match Baldr's while I drew my sword. I had practiced swordplay as often as I could, but I was never able to log in any time with a real opponent. And it turned out that that fact was what allowed Baldr to beat me. That and he was physical a lot stronger than me. I tried my best and even managed to knock off his shield just before he knocked off mine, but Baldr managed to pin me to the ground without breaking a sweat.

"Baldr Armstrong wins the second round!" The Chief announced as the tribe erupted in cheer. It there was something to dishearten me, that was definitely it. Virtually everyone here was hoping, no, they wanted me to fail all because I defied their stupid, archaic laws.

But I wouldn't give in. Even if he could see me right now, I knew there was one person who wanted me to win. I turned my attention to the chamber doors that two Vikings were opening as that one person came into my sight. I wasn't just doing this for me or for Voltage; I was doing this for us.

"The final challenge will test the competitor's ability to command the authority of the Skrill! Whomever the Skrill chooses will be the winner!"

Baldr and I took our places at opposite ends of the arena as Voltage came out from his chamber. Baldr shouted something to get Voltage's attention, but Voltage turned to face me once he noticed my presence. All I had to do crouch down to one knee and hold out my hand to him. I smiled as he crawled towards me as Baldr furiously shouted more commands, each more desperate and rage-fueled than the last. The crowd fell silent a second time as Voltage reached me and affectionately walked his body up against mine.

"No!" Baldr shouted. "That Skrill is my dragon! Mine!"

"Voltage is mine! He chose me!" I shouted back.

"Voltage? That is not his name!" he insisted.

"It's the name he chose!" I argued.

"Chose? He doesn't get to choose! Name or rider!"

"Well he chose that name \_and\_ he chose me! I'm his rider!"

"No, you are not." I looked over and saw Chief Armstrong and my father coming over to us.

"But the rules said-"

"The law recognizes you as a challenger regardless of your gender, but outside of challenge rights, you are still nothing but a girl. And women do not ride dragons. You may have won the challenge and the Skrill, but our traditions supersede challenge rules. You will not own this Skrill," my father said to me. I could feel Voltage tense around me and noticed his tail coil around me protectively as a low growl hummed from his throat.

"Fatherâ€¦"

"You are no daughter of mine. It's time I corrected a mistake made long ago."

## 6. Lightning Speed

\*\*Well this is the last chapter. Like I said, this was just meant to be a very short story, a mini side project, if you will. I didn't feel it was necessary to cover anything more than what was already covered ^\_^ But I hope you guys enjoyed the ride no matter how much shorter it was compared to my usual works.\*\*

\*\*I do not own HTTYD, only my characters and this plot.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"You are no daughter of mine. It's time I corrected a mistake made long ago." I froze in place as my father pulled his sword from his sheath. I knew he never cared about me, hated me even, but I never thought he would resort to this. Before I could do anything to block his incoming strike, Voltage leapt forward and tackled my father to the ground, roaring menacingly in his face.<p>

"Restrain that dragon! I'll deal with the Henderson girl!" Chief Armstrong declared. The two gate attendants moved towards Voltage as Chief Armstrong advanced towards me. Voltage swiped the two with his tail and tackled Chief Armstrong to the ground. I heard a battle cry behind me and saw my father running towards Voltage with his sword raised high. I quickly grabbed my shield that still lay on the ground and ran between Voltage and my father, blocking his sword. I was barely able to stay standing; my father was so much stronger than I was, but I remembered to keep a wide stance.

"You've betrayed your own people!" he shouted at me.

"No! I'm a Stormchaser, more than any of you!" I shouted back. He pushed me to the ground and kicked away my shield. But before he could raise his sword, a blast of white, electrified fire shot from behind me and knocked my father back. I turned and saw Voltage standing protectively over me. I brought myself to my feet and hoisted myself onto the saddle on his back. "Let's get out of here," I said to him. He roared in agreement and dashed for the arena entrance. He let out a stream of fire to force the oncoming Vikings to clear before spreading his wings wide and leaping high into the air.

I felt all the air in my chest instantly leave and I nearly slipped out of my saddle if I hadn't grabbed onto the crown of horns around Voltage's head. The wind was so strong and cold in my face that I could barely blink. I could feel Voltage's muscles moving beneath me as he flapped his wings, taking us further and further away from Stormchaser Island and further towards a lightning storm.

"Wait!" I shouted, as Voltage stopped and flapped his wings in place. "Ok, storms surround the island. We'll need to find an opening to make it through ok." I looked back at the village when I heard the distant roars of several dragons. "Uhâ€¦ nevermind!"

Without another word, Voltage flapped his wings and made his way further into the storms that surrounded the island. I held on to his horns tighter as I felt the winds grow stronger. "Ok Voltage, legends say that Skrills can ride lightning bolts to achieve amazing speeds. Show me how fast a Skrill can fly!" I shouted as Voltage gave a confident roar. We flew against the winds deep into the clouds. I could feel my hair standing on their ends with the lightning striking all around us. I kept my eyes wide open, not willing to miss a second of this.

And then everything went black.

I awoke suddenly, gasping for air as I felt a powerful shock go through my body. I tightly gripped my chest, trying to calm my breathing as I slowly sat up. I was on the beach of a small island and Voltage stood over me, his body still sparking lightly.



"Where's Stormchaser Island?" I asked him.

Voltage moved his head and pointed with his nose off into the distance. We must have been far because I could see anything but water.

"We can never go back, can we? They'll kill us." Voltage groaned. I thought I might break down and cry, never being able to go back to the place I call home, but all I could feel was relief. No more days wasted on doing trivial little tasks that I hated, no more having to look over my shoulder to make sure I wasn't being followed, no more having to hide who I really am. "I'm free." I looked over to Voltage. "We both are," I added. Voltage nudged his head against mine and I brought it into my arms in a tight hug.

"So, just you and me?" I asked. Voltage sat up and nudged his head, his way of telling me to get on. I laughed as I eagerly took my seat on his saddle. "Let's go then! There's a whole world out there I want to see!"

End  
file.